

## HOPE AND REGRET

His legs were already spread wide and secured in the ankle restraints. Perhaps they were spread a little too wide because he felt like he was doing a yoga stretch after she latched his right leg into place. Now, it was time for her to secure his arms, and render him completely helpless. First, she gently placed his left wrist into the cuff, and clicked the latch shut. She had to tug on his right wrist just a bit to stretch his body to meet the width of the restraints. A final firm tug on his arm, and then the metal latch was clinked shut, marking the complete surrender of his freedom.

His heart beat a little faster, and a wave of electric excitement swept through his body in that moment. With one little click of a metal latch he was transformed. No longer a strong, muscled man who could easily overpower his lover, he was now a bound, caged creature entirely under her control. Whatever choices he had, whatever say he had, whatever power over his wants he normally enjoyed -- these were gone, stripped away, just as his clothes had been a few minutes earlier.

Now he was truly naked. He was not just physically lacking coverings, but now also lacking the power to resist her wishes and, perhaps even more humbling, lacking the knowledge of what would happen next. The restraints were pulled tight, so he could move mere inches, if that much. He certainly could not move enough to cover or protect himself. Totally vulnerable, he lay there, lustfully excited about what would happen, and also fearful, not knowing exactly what that would be. The conflicting emotions kept his heart beating fast and began to arouse his manhood.

She rubbed her hand along his chest. This simple touch made him jump slightly, and made his penis grow even more. Her hands continued, next up toward his face, out the length of each arm, and then back to his neck. She was enjoying touching her captive this way. She explored, slowly, casually, in a way she couldn't during their normal lovemaking sessions.

Her hands moved along his shoulders, then again, caressingly to the sides of his neck. Slowly, she brought her face close to his and lifted his head to meet hers. Her mouth pressed into his, as much a demonstration of her control as it was a kiss. Their tongues danced, but she was the lead. He was accustomed to being the aggressor, but not this time. She was relishing the control she now possessed.

As they kissed, his manhood grew hard. He could have sworn it was harder than ever before, and it almost felt like it would burst from its skin. It was desperate for attention, but she wasn't ready to enjoy it just yet.

She pulled away from the kiss. He tried to raise his lips to meet hers again, but she pushed his head down with her hand. She giggled as she did so. He thought he could hear a little malice in her giggle. "You may regret asking me to do this before the night is over", she said with a smile.

Now, she straddled him, just above the waist. She was frustratingly beyond the touch of his aching manhood. Her hand returned to exploring his body, but this time with a more direct purpose. She softly raked her fingers across his arms and torso, which she knew would tickle him, just a bit. He writhed a little but was unable to move much against the restraints and the weight of her on his belly.

At this time, he realized things were about to get more intense. They hadn't talked about tickling, but he had told her to do whatever she felt like; he just hadn't imagined tickling being a part of it. They had certainly tickled each other playfully from time to time, but because of his strength he always had the upper hand. Those sessions usually ended with her begging him to stop. Now, he became quite certain, it would be his turn to beg HER to stop. She laughed as she taunted him, "Now you're going to get some of what you deserve!"

Her touch shifted from soft raking to tighter squeezing and probing as she moved in to attack his known tickle spots. He tried thrashing about as he laughed and begged, but the restraints held tight as he pulled against them. He could move mere inches, not nearly enough to escape her assault. She would stop for a moment, making him think the tickling was over, only to start again just as hard after he caught his breath. What felt, to him, like an eternity of being tickled finally came to an end after his pleading scream of 'PLEASE STOP! PLEASE! I'LL DO ANYTHING! NO MORE!'

"Hmmm..." she teased, "if you can't handle that tickling how are you going to handle the post orgasm stuff?" She gave him another quick tickle, making him pull against his restraints again.

Post orgasm torture was the main thing they had talked about. He had always been fascinated by it and really wanted to try it. He had practically begged her to do it, and after a while she had agreed. The restraints had been his idea too

because he wanted to "get the full experience" as he had explained to her. Now, there was a sense of doubt in his head.

"Be rough with me," he remembered telling her, and "don't stop even if I beg." It was supposed to be a kind of torture, he had told her, but it couldn't really hurt him. He had just assumed she would torture him for a minute or so and get bored. But, after the tickling attack, he was a little fearful. The guys he had seen in the videos really seemed to suffer, especially the ones that the girls abused for a long time.

As these thoughts went through his head, and he pondered his tightly bound helplessness, he suggested, "you know, maybe we should have a mercy word."

"It's too late for that," she retorted with a grin. "Besides, you assured me that this won't hurt you. Extreme tickling, I think is what you said. Be rough, and keep going, even if you beg me to stop -- wasn't that what you wanted?"

"Yes, but..." he stammered, a little surprised by how much his lover was enjoying this.

"Shhh..." she placed a finger across his lips, while her other hand grasped his throbbing manhood. "As hard as this thing is, I'm pretty sure you're still excited about all this," she declared as she gently pumped him a few times. She turned around, now straddling his chest, and reached for the bottle of lube.

He felt cool globs of lubricant dripping onto his penis, then her hands started working up and down, slowly, methodically. His mind raced. He knew that there was nothing he could do to stop what would happen. No matter how much he tried to hold back his orgasm, no matter how much he tried to think of something else, in a few moments his manhood would erupt, a geyser of hot fluid spraying into her hands.

If they had been having regular intercourse, he would be able to alter the pace to make the experience last longer, or to reach its climax. But now, he had no control over what was being done to him. Her pace was frustratingly slow at times, bringing intense pleasure as her hand moved over the head of his penis, then reducing the sensation as she found her way back down to the base. Up.... Down... Up.... Down... A few times he instinctively tried to thrust into her hand, but the restraints, and the weight of her on his chest held him down securely.

She was mixing things up, perhaps responding to his moans of pleasure. A period of slow stroking would be followed by fast, firm strokes, which brought out his loudest moans. Then she would back off to a lighter touch, eliciting a disappointed sounding groan from him. The pleasure she was giving him almost made him forget the torture that was to come. But he could still remember it in the back corners of his mind, and it filled him with both fear and lust.

His breathing quickened a bit as he was nearing climax. She sensed this, stopped stroking him, and then climbed off his chest. For a moment, he was afraid that she was just going to get him all worked up to the brink of orgasm, then leave him tied up with blue balls all night. But she simply changed her position. Carefully, she moved to position herself, on her knees between his slightly-too-widely-spread legs. He thought with irony that a man would normally feel a sense of power having a woman kneeling between his legs; but that sense of power certainly didn't apply when the man was stretched wide and bound motionless to the bed. It was clear who had the power here, and it was his lover, positioned in a place of dominant power over his vulnerable genitals.

"I want to watch your reactions," she cooed playfully. "From here I can see your face, and all the good parts." She smiled, and once again grabbed his throbbing manhood.

Now she was pumping hard. Not alternating between slow and fast anymore. She was ready for him to come, and his body was ready to give her what she wanted. He tried desperately to resist, squeezing his Kegel muscle in a vain effort to stave off ejaculation. But it was a futile effort. He could feel his fluids climbing up his manhood. He couldn't resist anymore. Biology won, as it usually does.

He grunted, animal-like as semen erupted from his penis. Spurt after spurt brought him to a state of ecstasy. He flexed against the restraints and then relaxed as his orgasm weakened. A few more weak spurts and he was done. His grunts faded into a low sigh of satisfaction.

"Nice one," she said.

She released his manhood. He wondered if she had decided not to torture him after all. Maybe after the tickling and the handjob, she was just ready to be done. He had a strange emotion. Was it hope that she wouldn't torture him, or regret that she might not torture him? Whether his feeling was hope, regret, or a bit of both, it was shattered by reality as he felt a large glob of cool lube fall onto his still-engorged manhood. No, it was clear that she was ready to keep going.

Her lips formed what he was certain was an evil grin. "Now, it's time for you to get the rest of what you deserve," she said matter-of-factly, as though she were a judge sentencing a convicted criminal.

She grabbed the base of his penis firmly and started fast stroking him. At first, he felt nothing, but then it hit him, hard. The sensation of her pumping over the head of his penis was more intense than he had dared to imagine it would be. It wasn't pain. It wasn't pleasure. It wasn't tickling. It was something else entirely, and his body knew it wanted no part of it.

In futility he tried to twist away from her grasp. He pulled against one restraint, then the other. He tried in vain to close his legs together. But he had bought strong restraints, and they were performing their function perfectly. He was defenseless against her assault.

To be accurate, he wasn't consciously trying to escape her grasp. It wasn't thought, or strategy, or even instinct. His futile motions were pure reflex, and entirely out of his control. He was trying to escape her grasp the way a person pulls a finger back from a hot burner. The body itself was reacting.

The intense not-quite-pain-not-quite-pleasure sensation swept through his body in waves, emanating from the head of his penis. Each stroke brought a new wave of torment, and her strokes were so fast that a new wave started before the previous ones crested. His world shrank to the head of his penis. Nothing else mattered. Nothing else existed. Nothing else had ever existed. Time had no meaning to him now. For him, a few short moments of torment were an eternity.

His mouth made noises like some unnatural blending of screams, squeals, and moans. Like his failed attempts at movement, these were reflexive, not conscious. They were primal sounds, nothing like words or language at all. Still her stroking continued.

To his surprise, his body gradually began to acclimate to the tormenting. Her hands still drove waves of electric pleasure-pain through his body, but he could start to think again. His primal sounds became more controlled moaning, and finally became begging. "PLEASE STOP!" he begged. "PLEASE, THIS IS MORE INTENSE ... uggghhhghh ... THAN I THOUGHT ... uggghhhghh ... IT WOULD BE."

"You told me not to stop even if you begged," she wryly responded. "What kind of a girlfriend would I be if I promised you a fantasy night, and then didn't fulfill your fantasy?"

"IT'S OKAY ...ummmghghg I'VE HAD ENOUGH ...ummmghgh PLEASE STOP!," he managed between breaths and moans.

She continued stroking for a moment more, then stopped.

"Thank you! Thank you!," he said while catching his breath. "Thank you for stopping. That was so intense!"

She smiled down at him. "Oh, sweetheart, we're not done. I'm just changing hands and technique," she replied as she grabbed the base of his manhood, this time with her left hand.

He stammered "NOOO!!!," as she brought her left hand up over his penis head, slowly this time.

Now, instead of fast pumping, she was kneading the head of his penis like it was a ball of dough, or one of those foam stress balls. The pleasure-pain returned with a new and different intensity. If the fast-stroking attack had been a hundred little jabbing punches, this was the crushing, constriction of a wrestling hold. Instead of waves of torment that crested and crashed through his body, this wave didn't end. It just oscillated between very awful and really fucking awful.

He was whimpering now. His begging had become a part of who he was. "Please Stop" wove its way into his whimpers. He still reflexively tried to pull away every now and again, but his body once again started to acclimate.

At last, she released his penis. He hoped it was over.

"Just one more thing," she said.

He moaned as she moved her left hand down his shaft and grabbed the head of his penis with her right hand. She squeezed his shaft and started palming circles firmly on his head with her right hand.

This was the worst sensation yet, and he shrieked in response. Each torturous circle of the palm made him imagine someone had plugged his penis into an electric socket. He pulled away, quite futilely, with each orbiting stroke.

She slowed her palming massage of his manhood, and eventually stopped.

He was covered in sweat, and still breathing heavily. His semen was pooled on his belly, and a bit had run off to the side, probably while he was vainly trying to escape. He looked exhausted.

"You should have seen your face!" she said gleefully. "We are definitely doing this again!"

She briefly grabbed the head of his penis again, making him jump and groan.

"So much fun!" she said. "Thank you for introducing us to this! I can't wait for next time!"

"(breath) Thank (breath) you (breath)," he managed, too exhausted to think about 'next time'. "I (breath) love (breath) you."